

It would be interesting to read Andrew Carnegie's morning mail these days.

A man will throw his life into the balance for love; a woman will throw vitriol for it.

In spite of recent highly profitable transactions, "Jupiter" Morgan still smokes cigars that cost only \$1.25 apiece.

There is a god for sale in London that is 1,700 years old and has a cat's eye. Somebody ought to buy him for a mouser.

A man has issued a pamphlet on the "Mission of Wealth." With all respect to the author, the main trouble with most folks is the omission of wealth.

The Englishman who tried to swindle Dr. Hadley found that along with his other degrees the alert, if scholarly, president of Yale is entitled to that of U. T. S.—symbolic capitals, of course, for up to snuff.

The Columbia University has bought a book valued at \$240 in a second-hand bookstore in Paris for 40 cents. This transaction will have a tendency to make the Paris bookseller appreciate the value of the higher education.

A woman physician in the East comes out with some strong arguments to prove the beneficial results of going without breakfast. At the same time it will have to be admitted that there are good arguments that favor total abstinence from all meals—if you don't mind results.

A converted Chicago levee character says that his prayer for work was quickly answered. When a man gets into the frame of mind when he really desires work and is not too particular as to the kind, so it is honest, he will be surprised to find how readily he can secure a job.

A woman reformer recently pulled from the folds of her gown a soiled and ragged American flag and waved it before the audience, saying that she had waved it from public platforms in every country of Europe. "More's the pity!" murmured a much-loved general, who had lost his arm in fighting under that emblem. Those who see in our flag liberty and justice and moderation do not inessentially wave it above their heads; but perhaps they will sustain it long after those who every day wrap themselves ostentatiously in its folds have dropped to the rear.

In some climates and under exceptional conditions cremation is the only hygienic mode of disposal of the dead. A few years ago there was a considerable revival in its advocacy for all countries and occasions. Preference for its swiftness and cleanliness will continue to prevail to a limited extent. Recourse to its completeness for concealment of crime in hastening death has become so frequent in northern latitudes that laws may be necessary requiring a coroner's certificate as a preliminary to incineration of human remains. For the mass of the bereaved it will always seem kindest to follow the ancient counsel of "earth to earth."

A complete list of the things named in honor of Queen Victoria would not only show the esteem in which she was held, but would also suggest how much of the world's progress had taken place during the period covered by her reign. The great Australian state bearing her name recalls the history-making developments in that quarter of the globe; the Victorian triumphs of exploration are typified by the discovery of great lakes in Central Africa, one of which commemorates her name. The famous bridge at Montreal, the beautiful park on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, and some at least of the sixteen Victorias in the United States, are among the interesting North American memorials. It is a great advantage for a sovereign to possess a name not identified with anybody else, for then the things named in her honor will indicate to all the future about the time in the history when they came into being.

An old showman in Philadelphia has made something of a study of cases of longevity in his profession and has drawn some interesting conclusions. The first man to die, he says, is the professional "strong man," who rarely lasts over five years. Most of the strong men die of consumption, before they are 40. On the other hand men who use their lungs are abnormally, or rather normally, long lived. Ventriloquists and minstrels are said never to die. After the burnt cork artist has had his day in the theaters, he is found in the dime museums "doing his stunt" just as well as he did it in the early '40s. The showman named above was able to point out several minstrels still in the business who were over 70 years old and who did not show many of the ravages of age. The conclusion seems to be that the man who cultivates his muscles exclusively dies early, but the man who cultivates the breath first and the muscles secondarily, lives. The Hindus, whose religion covered many such points, used to claim that longevity depended on "the doctrine of the breath." The person who knew how to use the vital breath simply couldn't die until he was ready. Instead of being forced out of the world through the door of disease the adept simply walk-

ed out. Whether the minstrel by some knack has acquired the use of this vital breath or not, the evidence is at present inconclusive. But some of his jokes and "gags" of 1840 to 1870 seem to be of the non-dying variety. Even if they do die, apparently, it is only a change of form for them. They become reincarnated and live out another physical life with the new generation.

It is interesting to know the modern methods of banishing man's common enemy, insomnia. It is doubly interesting to learn of the ways by which women court the "sweet restorer." The revelations made upon this subject by the members of a woman's club are interesting and unique, and the fact that these ladies invite sleep by permitting their thoughts to dwell upon clothes does not prove that such subjects are uppermost in a woman's mind, but simply that they are the least disquieting. Shakespeare himself was thinking about clothes when he said that it was the office of sleep to "knit up the raveled sleeve of care." Of course this method of wooing sleep is suitable to but one sex, and no one would be foolish enough to suggest that a man could frighten away insomnia by thinking of his wife's wardrobe, or by mentally hanging up the various articles which have haunted his wide-awake faculties in the form of that enemy of sleep, a bill. One distinguished man, the poet Wordsworth, thus described his conflict with balmy sleep:

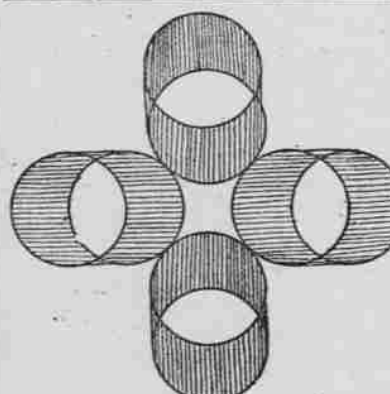
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and  
pure sky,  
By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie  
Sleepless.

This would seem to point to the fact that a man's thoughts dwell upon impersonal things when he is inviting sleep, while a woman's turns to personal vanities. But a man's vanities are of so disturbing a kind that he dare not think about them. So let him think of sheep.

Mrs. John P. Robinson, daughter of the late Admiral Tompkins, U. S. N.—White satin veiled in silver spangled net; diamonds.

Such was the paragraph—the names being changed—which appeared in the list of costumes at the inaugural ball. Let us study it a moment. These costume descriptions are written by the wearers, who also write their names on the cards distributed for that purpose by the journalistic Jenkines who perform the duty technically known as "doing society." Hence, it was Mrs. John P. Robinson herself who added the designation "daughter of Admiral Tompkins" to her name. In other words, Mrs. Robinson prefers to be known as the daughter of her father rather than as the mere wife of her husband. The fact constitutes evidence of the growth of in this country of due appreciation of those "social advantages" so highly prized by Rear Admiral William T. Sampson. Isn't it rather pitiful? Somewhere in the background there is a Mr. John P. Robinson. Very likely he hasn't had any "social advantages" at all. Probably he is in the wholesale grocery line—or in hides or soap or shoe findings. We can imagine John P. Robinson working hard and late that his wife may shine at the inaugural ball in "white satin veiled in silver-spangled net; diamonds." It is safe to say that John P. Robinson, like most other Americans, is an honest, hearty, unaffected fellow, who loves and cherishes his wife and tries to make her happy. Yet when Jenkins comes around with his costume card to be filled out Mrs. John P. Robinson is not content to appear in the society column as the mere wife of honest John—plebeian John, who has pinched himself to furnish forth the funds for the court costume. She must advise the reading public of her early "social advantages." John P. Robinson is very well as a person for everyday use—as a payer of bills and a provider of pin money—but papa was an admiral. It is necessary that the world should know it. It is proper that people should realize that, though she is married to a commoner, she is of the nobility. Unhappy Robinson!

**Curious Optical Illusion.**  
Among optical illusions one of the most curious is the "ring trick." It consists of four rings so drawn that if held a yard or two away and looked at steadily for a few moments it will appear



as if they had changed and turned inside out.

This is a difficult trick to explain. It is simply one of those strange deceptions which lead us to believe that while we are looking at an inanimate object it undergoes some inexplicable alteration.

One of the funniest things in the world is to see a woman going to the train who is not running.

## PORTO RICAN WEALTH

### INDUCEMENTS IN AGRICULTURE AND CATTLE RAISING.

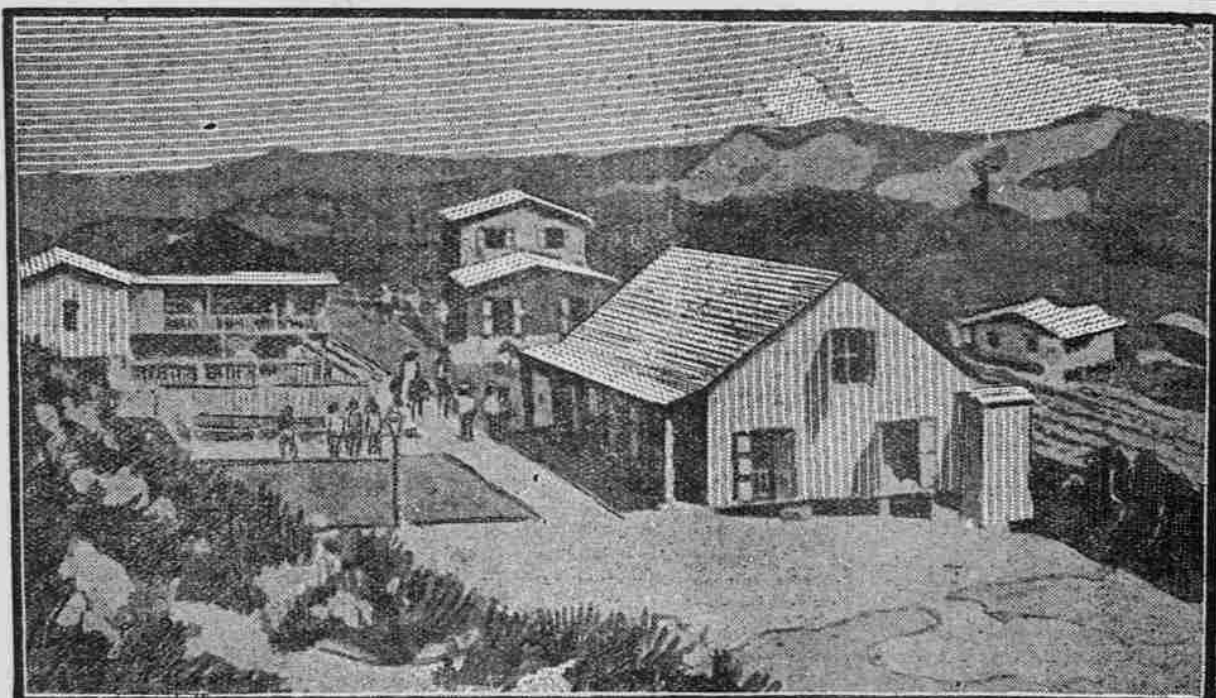
Government Reports Facts Encouraging to Investors—Cultivation of Sugar Cane and Tobacco Insures Handsome Profits—Railways and Roads Needed.

People in search of reliable information about Porto Rico will find a lot of valuable statistics in the official report of the census of the island, issued by the United States War Department. The census was taken under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Sanger, who has made his report a document of unusual interest.

While agriculture is now the principal source of wealth to Porto Rico, says Colonel Sanger, the early settlers were for many years engaged in cattle raising, and this is still an important industry, the rich and luxuriant pastures and many streams providing all that is necessary for this purpose. It may be said that all fruits and vegetables adapted to a tropical climate will yield abundantly in Porto Rico, and this is especially true of the coffee tree, the sugar cane, and the tobacco plant, the three staples of most importance in the order named, and grown widely over the island.

"In Porto Rico the select and renowned coffee is produced between 200 and 800 meters above the sea level. At this elevation are found the towns of Yauco, Lares, Maricao, Utuado, Cayey, etc., which form the productive region of the renowned coffee of Porto Rico. This region, which includes something more than the southwest quadrant of the island, is characterized by a climate of perpetual spring. The constant breeze refreshes the atmosphere and the frequent rains equalize the seasons so that not even in times of drought does the vegetation suffer as occurs on the southern coast of the island, nor during the rainy season are the rains so heavy as on the north coast. Owing to these favorable climatic conditions and to the fact that the coffee groves are situated in valleys sheltered from the strong winds, and the soil, of which we will presently speak in detail, is due the enviable reputation of the coffee of the country.

**Altitude Affects Coffee Growth.**  
"In the central range of Porto Rico is the Sierra Luquilla, which has an



COFFEE PLANTATION IN LARES.

elevation of 1,500 meters above the level of the sea, and it is observed that above the middle height of this mountain coffee groves do not exist. Whether owing to the climate or to the soil, which may be unsuitable, where grow only some shrubs in thickets and some worthless herbs, it is true that after 800 meters have been passed the coffee is not seen, and all attempts to grow it at that altitude have been without results.

"Coffee growers modify the climate by employing shade—that is, they plant their coffee groves beneath the shade of a grove of thick trees, as for example, the lucuma, guaba, jobo, guma, mango, etc., and under the banana trees when the coffee groves are young. "The coffee grows on hills of low elevation, associated with many other trees, which afford shade, modify the temperature, and protect the coffee from hurricanes and torrential rains. The composition of these coffee soils is variable, but in all of them sand predominates, and on the surface there is an abundant covering, the product of the decayed vegetation of the forest. The land which produces the renowned coffee of Porto Rico, as to its physical appearance, seems to be a very fine clay, and when it rains becomes as slippery as soap, and transit at such times is dangerous. It has a red color when moist, and when squeezed through the fingers resembles in its color and smoothness the oxide of iron paint, but when dry it becomes very hard.

"There are small plantations where the cultivation is both intelligent and intense, which produce thirty quintals (3,000 pounds) and more per hectare (two and one-half acres), but this is exceptional, for there are lands in the same region which scarcely produce one quintal (100 pounds). As an average crop, taken from the different classes of land, and taking into account also the variations that occur from year to year, a production of from ten to fourteen quintals per hectare may be counted on as the result of fairly intelligent cultivation."

The coffee tree is completely developed and producing after seven years if the conditions under which the growth has been perfected have been favorable. Otherwise it will need ten years, and the product will never compete with that of a good, sound tree. The cost of one cuerda (about one acre) of good coffee up to the date of production will average \$180, United States currency.

"When the tree is four years old it will not produce sufficient to cover expenses, and if the soil is not of the best quality the conditions will be the same after five or six years. In such districts of this department (Mayaguez)

as Las Marias and Maricao, the produce of one cuerda (acre) will range from 200 to 1,200 pounds. A fair average will give for every cuerda 400 pounds. The topographical conditions of the coffee-growing districts are such, and the hills so steep, that the only agricultural implement that can be used with effect is the common machete, or chopping knife. It is used for cleaning the ground and for making the holes.

The total cost of a hundredweight of coffee ready for market, including expenses for cultivation, is from \$10 to \$12, Porto Rican money, equal to \$5 to \$7.20 United States currency. (This is about what Rio coffee sells for on the wharf at New York.) The produce is shipped in bags, containing each from 85 to 100 kilograms.

The quality of the Porto Rican coffee is excellent, and the principal markets have been Cuba and Spain, but very little having been imported into the United States, where it is not well known. Under favorable conditions the coffee crop of Porto Rico is easily worth from \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000. Being protected by the good climate, the Porto Rican sugar cane industry is an important one. Coast lands, cleared, which receive rains or irrigation and retain humidity some time without becoming swamped, are good for the sugar plant; these lands not situated high above the level of the sea, near the coasts, which are flooded by large rivers in extraordinary freshets, but which on account of their natural location and great depth are quickly drained, receive the name of tierras de vega, and are those used for the cultivation of sugar cane everywhere. These lands in general are alluvial lands, and are very rich in fertilizing elements.

**Cultivation of Sugar Cane.**  
Sugar cane may be produced in Porto Rico, where the soil is sandy and loose, at \$24.50 (American money) per acre. Cutting the cane will cost \$2.40 an acre more. To manufacture a 1,200-pound hoghead of sugar from the cane costs \$5. Besides these there are various other items of expense, such as terminal charges, transportation, and shrinkage. This latter is an important item, ranging from 6 per cent on steam vessels to 10 or 12 per cent on sailing craft. In 1907 Porto Rico produced 126,827,472 pounds of sugar, for which the planters received \$3,782,465, or a fraction less than 3 cents a pound.

As in Cuba, the tendency is toward large plantations, with central mills for grinding. Comparatively few of the

ciples of the "scientists" seem to be known, according to the Medical Record, for among the South Sea Islanders no man falls sick or dies from natural causes. They would argue, if called upon to analyze their belief, that health is the natural condition, and that every departure from it must be caused by supernatural agency, and since disease is an evil, you must look for its agents among those who wish you evil.

Thus far they are at one with many good people in Europe, who take comfort in the thought that every visitation of sickness is a divine judgment for their sins, but savages push their logic further. Their gods do no mischief for mischief's sake, and since all men have enemies, and are all free to invoke the unseen powers for either good or evil, the sick man has only to make his choice among the number of his ill-wishers and charge his heirs to avenge him.

"Every skilled craft tends to specialization. A few successes in causing illness by spells gave a man a reputation as an expert. The unsuccessful found him ready to remove their enemies for a consideration, he took to the business as a profession, handing his secret down to his son, and his son's son, until the trade became hereditary. A family that once acquired it took good care not to lose it by bungling, as the 'wise women' sometimes did, for the art of killing by witchcraft had this decided advantage over the art of healing, that if the spell failed there were other ways—a dose of something in the kava cup or a club stroke on a dark night. Thus among some of the Melanesians tribes it is not too much to say that the population is divided between the companies of those that caused disease and those that healed it."

### HIDDEN TREASURE.

**Better than Captain Kidd's—It Was Found.**  
One of New York City's most famous hosts in the early days of this century was John Hunter, of Hunter's Island, which is now a part of Pelham Bay Park. In the fine old mansion still standing on it, which he built, in 1807, for a country home, and in his town house at 7 State street, he entertained in a lavish and splendid manner, gathering often as many as forty guests at a time around his table. The silver that helped to make these banquets princely was as famous in its day as its owner's good cheer, and there was a story connected with it, too.

**Standing in His Own Light.**  
"I'll never give you up, Miss Perkins—never."  
"That's it, Mr. Hopkins; I'd be afraid to marry such a determined, obstinate man as you are."

**He Didn't Notice.**  
First Burglar—How many rooms wuz dey in dat house you cracked?  
Second Burglar—I dunno. I wuz only interested in the haul.—Baltimore American.

**Source of Anguish.**  
"Hub! I wouldn't cry s' hard jes' 'cause teacher licked me!"  
"I ain't cryin' 'cause teacher licked me; I'm cryin' 'cause I ain't big enough to lick him."

**True Economy.**  
Friend—Why do you wear those fearfully old-fashioned collars?  
Winklers (a man of affairs)—Because when the washwoman sends them to anybody else they send them back.—New York Weekly.

**Antiquated.**  
"More new gowns!" he cried.  
"Why, yes," she answered sweetly. "All of mine are last century style."—Philadelphia North American.

**Not Yet Transformed.**  
Nell—She's a blonde, isn't she?  
Belle—Not yet, but she's just dying to be one.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Mean Scheme.**  
Hicks—Can you change a twenty-dollar bill?  
Wicks (thoughtlessly)—I guess so.  
Hicks—Then lend me five.—Somerville Journal.

**In a Boarding-House.**  
The Professor—If you please! Wake up—wake up!  
Voice from Next Room (sleepily)—What'n thunder's matter?  
The Professor—It is mine vish dot ven you schmore, you would schmore in der same key vat der key is vat I blay in. You vas schmoring in G flat und it spoils mine music, by golly, alretty!

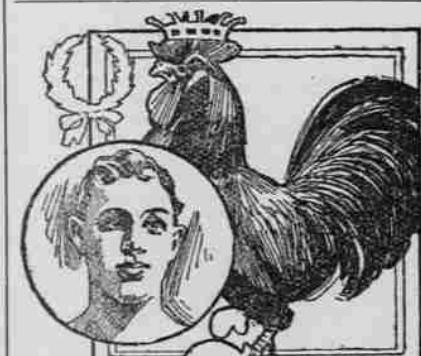
**Disillusioned.**  
Cholly Smasher—Come, dearest, leave the stage and intrust your sweet young life to me.  
Miss Makeup—Thank you, my boy; I have a good home with my married daughter.—Ohio State Journal.

**How She Knew.**  
"That horrid Maud has been gossiping about me."  
"Why, how do you know?"  
"She kissed me twice when we met to-day."—Fleegende Blaetter.

**They Made the Crowd.**  
"What's all that crowd of women over there at Bergen's?"  
"Shoppers who read Bergen's 'ad.'"  
"But that's an unusually large crowd for so early in the morning."  
"I know, but the 'ad' said: 'Come early and avoid the crowd!'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

**A Difficulty Removed.**  
"Dickie, when you divided those five caramels with little sister did you give her three?"  
"No, ma. I guessed they wouldn't come out even—so I et one 'fore I begun to divide."—Puck.

They say Mars is a funny world. If it is funnier than this one, it must be a freak.



HARRY HARRIS.

Harry Harris, the little Chicagoan who outpointed and outgeneraled Pedlar Palmer at the National Sporting Club, in London, the other night, has twice been defeated, and hardly comes up to the requirements of a champion

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Judy and I got into a terrible tangle shopping to-day."  
"How?"  
"I owed her 10 cents, and borrowed 5 cents and then 50 cents."  
"Well?"  
"Then I paid her 30 cents for something she bought."  
"Yes?"  
"And she paid 40 cents for something I bought, and then we treated each other to ice-cream soda."  
"Well?"  
"She says I still owe her a nickel."

**Reciprocal Devotion.**  
He—Mrs. Cashley has all the money, yet she and her husband seem to be perfectly in harmony.  
She—They are, too. He's watching all the time to get a chance to spend her money, and she's watching him all the time to keep him from it."

**How He Descended.**



Mr. Hod O'Hooly—Shure an' I'm disclindid from some of th' greatest houses in Ireland.  
Widow Bid Brady—Shure ye have-on a laddher.

**A Protective Disclaimer.**  
"Well, my man, I suppose you will saw a little wood to pay for your dinner?"  
"No'm. I'm no wood-sawyer, mum; trimmin' trees—rubber trees, mum, is my trade."

**Standing in His Own Light.**  
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## LET US ALL LAUGH.

### JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"I am sinking for the third time!" shrieked the woman in the water.  
"Are you positive of this?" asked the youth who was waiting to rescue her, lightly concealing his anxiety the while.  
"Oh, quite!" the woman protested.  
"For I am at this moment distinctly recalling everything in my past life. I remember the real color of my hair as if it were but yesterday that I—"  
"Say no more!" cried the youth plunging forth into the icy flood.  
The spectators, cheered wildly, for never in their lives had they seen the thing more gracefully done.—Detroit Journal.

**Something New.**  
Farmer—How much for a room?  
Clerk—Two dollars up.  
Farmer—What kind o' talk is that! Up our way th' say two dollars down.

**Timely Suggestion.**



Stage Manager—Now, Mr. Stormer, listen to me a moment.  
Barnes Stormer (the villain)—Well, sir?  
Stage Manager—When the heroine says to you, "Do your worst!" that doesn't mean to act that way.

**A New Commandment.**  
Teacher—How many commandments are there?  
Small Boy—Eleven.  
Teacher—Eleven! What is the eleventh?  
Small Boy—Keep off the grass.

**His Last Words.**  
Spokesman—Madam, we are a committee from the volunteer fire department, of which your late lamented husband was the respected chief, and we called to express our sympathy.  
Widow—Oh, it's so kind and good of you. I know Henry was thinking of you when he passed away, for just before the end came he rose up in bed, with a far-off look in his eyes, and shouted: "Turn in a second alarm! We can't handle this fire without help!"—Baltimore American.

**Covers Too Much Grown.**  
Binks—Jinks is continually telling me what a lucky fellow you are.  
Kinks—Yes; but I don't like the way he expresses it. Every time he meets me he says: "Kinks, you're a lucky man. You don't seem to have anything on your mind at all."—Indianapolis Sun.

**The First Baby.**  
A woman's first baby is a heavenly visitant to her, a toy to her husband, a nuisance to the neighbors, and a living to the doctor.—New York Press.

**Out of the Mouths of Babies.**  
"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Edith on her return from the show. "I saw an elephant, and he walks backward and eats with his tail!"

**Passing Fare.**  
Street car conductors are never beautiful. In fact, they are not even passing fare.—Philadelphia Record.

**He Would Know.**  
She—Papa has an absurd notion that you have money.  
He—I suppose we would better let him think so.  
She—Yes, but we've got to get married some time.

**Cause and Effect.**  
Teacher—Little boys will be punished if they tell lies.  
Small Boy—Not if they don't git kethed.

**A Domestic Orphan.**  
"Are you glad your pa is in politics, Jimmy?"  
"Oh, I don't mind pa goin' in—but ma—she's gone in, too."

**Statu Quo.**  
Mrs. Pettit—Whenever I express a desire for anything my husband never objects.

Mrs. Ig. Nord—Same with me. I can express the desire as often as I please. It never disturbs him.—Philadelphia Press.

**Organ Chiefly Concerned.**  
"You won't touch that cake!" his wife tearfully exclaimed. "And I made it on purpose to please you. You have no heart!"  
"Perhaps not, Maria," replied the dyspeptic husband, with a weary sigh. "But I am painfully conscious of my liver."—Chicago Tribune.

**Income and Outgo.**  
"Gramma, pa costs me a n' awful lot."  
"How, sonny?"  
"Why, gramma, when I'm good all day he gives me a penny, an' when I'm bad I have to give him a penny."

**Art Limitations.**  
"What kind of pictures would you hang in a dining room?"  
"Well, I'd draw the line on paintings of beef on the hoof and on still life studies in canned truck."

**The Attraction.**  
Nell—Why did Miss Bargesales reject Mr. Barges when he was rich and then marry him after he had lost all his money?  
Belle—I suppose because he was so terribly reduced.—Philadelphia Record.

**Squares of Consecutive Numbers.**  
Squares of consecutive numbers, as 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., may be formed by the simple rule: To the square of the preceding number add the preceding number and the number itself. Thus:

$$1^2 = 0 + 1 = 1$$

$$2^2 = 1 + 1 + 1 = 4$$

$$3^2 = 2 + 2 + 2 = 9$$

$$4^2 = 3 + 3 + 3 = 16$$

The algebraic proof is:

$$(n+1)^2 = n^2 + 2n + 1$$

$$= n^2 + n + (n+1)$$

**Over In Sweden.**  
"Over in Sweden the suburban railway lines have to provide a freight car for intoxicated persons."  
"I don't suppose they label it that way, do they?"  
"I don't know. Probably they brand it either 'Spirits in packages' or else 'Hardware.'"  
"Yes. Skates."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.